Mary Boone

Vampire Weekend

Painted white, new in town
You weren't hiring, but I was looking
In those days, my working days
Came in from Jersey, not from Brooklyn

Oh, my love, was it all in vain?
We always wanted money, now the money's not the same
In a quiet moment at the theater, I could hear the train
Deep inside the city, your memory remains

Mary Boone, Mary Boone
I'm on the dark side of your room
Mary Boone, Mary Boone
Well, I hope you feel like loving someone soon

Crooked crime, petty cop
Not on the street yet, but it was cooking
In those days, the burning days
The one from Queens, not from Brooklyn

Oh, my love, was it all in vain?
We always wanted money, now the money's not the same
In a quiet moment at the theater, I could feel your pain
Deep inside the city, your memory remains

Mary Boone, Mary Boone
I'm on the dark side of your room
Mary Boone, Mary Boone
Well, I hope you feel like loving someone soon

Book of hours
Russian icons, and
Sand mandalas, and
Natarajas, and
Hex sign barns
Ando churches, and
Whirling dervishes
Long exposures, and
These two tunnels go west and east
Let me bring you my masterpiece
You're the author of everything
Use this voice and let it sing

Mary Boone, Mary Boone
I'm on the dark side of your room
Mary Boone, Mary Boone
Well, I hope you feel like loving someone soon

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